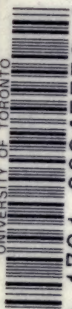


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Ballads of the Boer War



Ballads of the Boer War

SELECTED FROM THE HAVERSACK
OF SERGEANT J. SMITH

BY

“COLDSTREAMER”

AUTHOR OF

‘OUTPOSTS: THEIR TREATMENT IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH,’

‘RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES,’ ETC.

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THESE BALLADS
ARE
DEDICATED
TO
HIS MAJESTY'S
COLDSTREAM REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS

"Nulli Secundus"

CONTENTS

NO.	PAGE
1. THE WHITE FLAG	9
2. THE MAIL CART	19
3. THE BLOCKHOUSE	27
4. "THE QUEEN'S CHOCOLATE"	35
5. "THE PRESS"	43
6. THE OFFICERS	55
7. THE NATIVE	65
8. THE ARMY CHAPLAIN	75
9. PEACE	83
THE REGIMENT	88

No. 1

THE WHITE FLAG

NO. I.—THE WHITE FLAG

A "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT"

DON'T talk to me of your d—d white flag ;
I won't 'ear spoke o' the dirty rag !
" 'Ave I *hever* knowed it used ? " you say ?
Well, per'aps I 'ave, in a sort of a way.
And I felt no shame when I see'd it then,
Tho' it warn't no Boers, but clean, white men
As showed it. " Cowards," you think ? Give
 'eed ;
You won't find cowards among *that* breed.

We was just a 'andful o' men that day,
On Doornberg 'Ill, near Quagga's Vlei ;
A couple o' troopers from Compton's 'Orse—
Likely young fellers, but wild, of course—

A Border Scout o' the name of Reece,
As 'ad served a term in the Cape Police,
And a corporal chap from the D.M.T.,
Which is five all told, hincluding me.

We'd trekked two days from Driefontein,
In a steady storm of driving rain ;
An' it isn't no catch for man nor brute
To go sloppin' an' slippin' thro' spating spruit,
When the track's as 'ard as the moon to find,
An' the badger and merecat-'oles is blind,
An' you're riding a blooming h'Argentine
Which is mucky enough when the weather's
fine.

Glad? We was glad to off-saddle that night ;
And Reece, 'e soon 'ad a fire alight
(Ho, yes, it was foolish and wrong, you think ?
But we 'ad to 'ave su'thing of 'ot to drink.
We was wet to the bone, an' we 'adn't no rum,
Nor no wish to be offing to Kingdom Come,
An' I'll lay as *you'd* 'a done just the same,
For all you're ready to nag and blame !)

We lay in our coats, an' we slept like logs,
We was all done up, an' as tired as dogs ;

But we took it turn and turn about
To keep some sort of a sharp look-out,
And heach of us watched for a hour or so,
Then 'is pal took a bout of sentry-go,
Till the turn of a trooper o' Compton's 'Orse—
And the blighter fell asleep, of course !

Fust thing I knowed was a shout from 'im ;
“Look out ! ” 'e yells, “they're on us, Jim ! ”
Then a Mauser bullet ripp'd 'is side,
An' 'e give a kind of a korf, and died
(I don't deny as it served 'im right—
Ho, well, 'e paid for 'is sleep that night !)
Then a flash ; an' the corporal cries “I'm done ! ”
So I see'd we was in for a bit o' fun.

“Get under cover ! ” I shouted ; “Quick ! ”
For now the bullets was raining thick,
An' we crept along by the donga bank,
Where the reeds (thank Gawd !) was tall and
rank ;

But we 'ad to leave them two be'ind
(They was done for, both, so they didn't mind),
An', o' course, by now, we was only three—
The trooper, and Reece (the Scout), and me.

We got some sort of a 'ide, and lay
While them curséd Mausers banged away ;
Tho' the dawn was liftin' over the 'ill,
We couldn't see where they fired from ; still
The shots kept a-coming, without a doubt,
An' *that* was enough for to worry about ;
But we each 'ad a rifle an' bandolier,
Which we meant for to sell 'em precious dear.

But wot does that fool of a trooper do
But raise 'isself hup for a better view ;
And straight, as the juggins might a' guessed,
Comes a bullet, and fetches 'im in the chest !
An' as *I* was a-liftin' 'im out of the way
A dozen more strikes where 'e lay ;
And in 'alf a moment there was I
With a d—d great ugly 'ole in my thigh !

Meanwhile, young Reece 'e blazed away,
As pleased as a goose on Michaelmas Day ;
'E wasn't afraid, not 'im, the least,
“But enough,” I thinks, “is as good as a feast.”
“It's time,” thinks I, “as su'thin' was done,
Or we'll just be slaughtered, one by one” ;
For I couldn't 'a moved from where I fell,
An' was losing a lot of blood as well.

I'd a kind of a 'ankering after peace,
An' I turns an' I calls to Corporal Reece,
"We'd best give in," I says, "than die."
"No, sergeant, sir," he replies, "not I!"
"We'll 'ave to surrender, soon or late."
"Maybe," says 'e, "but I'd liefer wait."
"I've still got a 'undred rounds," says 'e,
"I'll learn them beggars to shoot at me!"

By then I was riled, and weak, and so
(Me being the senior N.C.O.)
I orders 'im "Show 'em something white!"
"Not while I've breath," says he, "to fight!"
(The corps as 'e was enlisted in
They couldn't know much of discipline!)
"You've got the order," I says, "from me!"
"I'll see you in 'ell before!" says 'e.

Well, I was a-feeling mortal bad,
An' 'ere was this hinsubordinate lad
As wouldn't be wise, nor wouldn't obey,
But was throwin' 'is bloomin' life away.
Once more I ordered 'im, "Stand up, there,
And wave your 'andkerchief in the h'air!"—
Then 'e stood, an' waved—but they shot 'im dead.
"Thank Gawd," says 'e, "as my 'andkerchief's
red!"

.

Then I fainted away. Next thing I knew
Was when I found myself coming to,
With a lot o' Boers a-standing by,
And one of 'em bandaging up my thigh.
An' another comes hup, an' harsks me flat
Why Reece stood up for to die like that.
"Because it was wot 'e was *told* to do!"
I says—an' a darn good hanswer too.

But the Boer didn't hunderstand, 'e said
(An' 'e wouldn't,—not being British bred).
Field Cornet 'e was ; bless your 'eart,
'E didn't so much as *look* the part !
Why 'e wouldn't have got the stripes, no more
Than a common field tramp, in a British corps.
Plucky, maybe, an' as bold as brass,
But there, Lor luv you, 'e wasn't the *class*.

An' I says to myself, as 'e stares at me,
"H'Improperly shaved, Three days C.B. !
Deficient of most of your kit as well !
I'm afraid it's a case of I.H.L. !"
Then I looks at 'is rounds, an' I gives a cough ;
Why 'alf of 'em 'ad the tops cut off !
"You swine !" I says ; an' 'e couldn't but 'ear.
"Oh *them*," 'e replies, "is for shooting deer !"

“Ho yes,” I thinks to myself, “not much !
But you’re hall the same, you blooming Dutch !
With a hinnercent look in your childlike heyes,
An’ it’s nothing but lies, an’ lies, an’ lies !
Till we finds you hout—when you doesn’t care,
But you lies some more, just to make things
square ! ”

An’ I looked at that treacherous lead, an’ guessed
Wot ’ad made that ’ole in the trooper’s chest.

“You villain ! ” says I, “for all you look
As though you’d stepped from the ’Oly Book ;
With your Scripture texts at the tip o’ your
tongue,

An’ yourself the biggest liar unhung !
‘For deer ! ’ says you, poor hinnercent lamb !
With a face like Noah or Abraham !
I’ll give you a Bible name, I will,
And H’Ananias ’ll fill your bill ! ”

They stripped us all of our boots and things ;
From the Corp’ral’s body a couple o’ rings,
An’ from Reece a watch as was give to ’im
For a-saving a feller as couldn’t swim.

(*They* wouldn't 'ave need of such, poor chaps,
—Tho' I might require my boots, per'aps !)
Then left us lying, and rode away ;
An' the Column picked me up next day.

.

So there's the tale as you harsked of me,
An' the moral is heasy enough to see ;
If nobody never 'ad nothing white
There wouldn't be no white flags in sight,
But with hevery 'andkerchief flaming red
You'd 'ave to fight to the end hinstead,
Or fall, like Corporal Reece that day,
On Doornberg Hill, near Quagga's Vlei.

No. 2

THE MAIL CART

No. 2.—THE MAIL CART

WAR, you calls it? Bless yer 'eart
Its 'ighway robbery, nothin' more!
An' I ought to know, for a week ago
I was driving the mail-cart to an' fro;
An' I still a-might 'a been doin' so
If it wasn't for Brother Boer.

In a storm o' dust we started out
From De Aar. It must 'a been New Year's
Day.

I'd a passenger with me, too; what's more,
A Capt'in' H'Everard Stanesby Gore,
What was h'off to the North to join 'is corps,
Somewheres up Ken'art way.

A pleasant, h'affable cove, 'e was,
An' a gentleman, too, as well I knew.
'E wasn't no starched society pet,
Nor yet no h'ignorant young cadet;
But a h'orficer, 'im, as didn't forget
As a private's 'uman, too.

An' we chatted away there, sociable-like
 (Tho' I didn't forget my place ; no fear !),
Till we got to H'Omdraai Vlei, somewhere
About dark, with a hour or two to spare ;
An' the Capt'in 'e 'ad 'is supper there
 (An' stood me a pint o' beer).

We was h'off an' away again that night ;
 Pitch dark it was, and the going steep,
An' the dust 'ad made my h'eyeballs smart ;
So, wot with the beer and the joggling cart,
I could 'ardly keep the lids apart,
 An' the Capt'in was fast asleep.

When h'all of a sudden (it must 'ave been
 Midnight, per'aps, or a little more)—
We was goin' up 'ill, and, close to the top—
A voice sings out : "'Ands up, there ! Stop !"
So I thinks to myself "It's a fair old cop !"
 An' h'up walks Brother Boer !

A 'ole commando they 'ad that night ;
 An' I says to myself ; "Why, bless my 'eart,
They're d—d 'ard up for a job, I know,
An' cowards, too, if they 'as to go
With a party of forty men or so
 For to 'old up a h'old mail cart !"

The Capt'in was h'only 'alf-awake,
An' he sees them Boers a-standin' by,
An' 'e straight lets drive with 'is naked fist ;
But I knowed it wasn't no use to resist,
So I quickly catches 'old of 'is wrist ;
"It isn't no good," says I.

An', when they finds we was h'only two,
Them Boers they clustered around like flies,
Then searched the Capt'in an' took 'is gun ;
And, pleased as Moses with what they'd done,
H'unloaded the mail-bags, one by one,
An' burnt 'em afore our eyes.

(It some'ow went to my 'eart, it did,
For it seemed like takin' h'innercent lives ;
An' I thinks, as I looks where the h'ashes lay—
"There's gallant lads up Prieska way
As'll wait for news a-many-a-day
From their sweet'earts and their wives !")

Well, then they pushes us back in the cart
With three of the Boers an' the Capt'in's kit,
An' the rest of the h'enemy rides away,
Save one as 'ad h'orders, it seems, to stay,
A-trottin' along be'ind the shay ;
An' so we goes for a bit.

Till the Capt'in, h'accidental-like,
Knocks off the 'at o' the Burger fat
As was settin' aside 'im. "Dear!" says 'e;
"I begs your pardon!" then turns to me,
"Stop, feller!" 'e shouts; "h'or can't you see
As the gentleman's dropped 'is 'at?"

So I stops the cart (I was driving still)
An' the Boer jumps h'out an' runs be'ind;
An' the mounted chap 'e 'alts as well,
For to look where the h'other's cady fell;
But the night (thanks be!) was as dark as 'ell,
An' it took 'em a time to find.

Then the Capt'in turns to them h'other two,
"Can I h'offer you suthin'," 'e says, "to drink?"
An' 'e opens the kit-bag h'under 'is knee,
An' puts in 'is 'and so carelessly;
"'Ave a drop of the Old and Bold," says 'e,
An' 'e tips me a h'artful wink.

Then quick, afore h'either could say a word,
'E'd got a revolver stuck to 'is 'ead;
An' I see'd the smile on the Capt'in's lip,
So I gathered the reins an' raised my whip,
An' I fairly made them 'orses rip;
"Now drive like 'ell!" 'e said.

An' we drove ! Meanwhile, them two in the road
 'Ad 'eard some sort of a noise, of course,
And turned in time for to see us start,
But they didn't dare to shoot at the cart,
An' the mounted man 'ad a chicken 'eart,
 Or a chicken-livered 'orse ;

For we got away with them prisoners two
 As thought one time as they'd captured h'us ;
And into Prieska we drove next day
With our Boers, which I 'eard the Capt'in say,
As 'e'd "picked up somewheres along the way"
 ('E was h'always a comical cus !)

That night 'e come round to say good-bye,
 An' was off to the North to join 'is corps ;
And 'ere—believe my tale or not—
Is a kind of sooverinoor I've got,
In the shape of a cheque for—I won't say what—
 Signed "H'Everard Stanesby Gore."

For I've 'ad to stay be'ind myself
 (They wouldn't let mail-carts run no more) ;
But I know as I'll never forget the day
As they captured h'us near Omdraai Vlei,
Nor the h'artful, h'ikey little way
 As we captured brother Boer.



No. 3

THE BLOCKHOUSE



No. 3.—THE BLOCKHOUSE

'ERE am I in a Block'ouse,
Like a 'ornet under a glass ;
Nothin' to do but sentry-go,
H'Up an' down, an' to-an'-fro,
Watchin' the trains as pass.

'Ere am I in a Block'ouse,
Full fed up with the game ;
Stuck 'ere now five months an' more,
Never a 'undred yards from the door,
And h'every day the same !

Smoke ? I've smoked myself silly ;
And read till I couldn't see ;
But I ain't no scholard like some, no fear,
An' the sort o' reading they sends us 'ere
Is a bit too stiff for me.

I misses mÿ daily paper,
 An' my 'alf-an'-'alf out 'ere ;
You can 'ave my tot o' the ration rum
An' my share o' the magazines as come,
 For a *Star* an' a pint o' beer.

Last week we'd a sack o' papers,
 An' what do you think *h'I* got ?
A copy o' *Punch* (as I can't abide,
'Cos they 'ides the jokes so far inside
 That I misses the blooming lot),

A couple o' *Daily Graphics*,
 Which was good, if they wasn't new,
An' a 'opeless sort of a magazine
With the longest words as h'ever I seen,
 Called the *National Review*.

Still I was fairly lucky,
 For Dick,—'e's our 'eavyweight,—
'Ad a dozen copies o' *Woman's Chat*,
With "Seven ways for to trim a 'at"
 An' a "Supplement Fashion Plate !"

Joe got a *H' Athenæum*,
Which 'e never even tried,
A couple o' numbers of *Sporting Tips*,
A *Weekly Times* an' a '*Alfpenny Snips*,
And a Bradshaw's *Monthly Guide*.

Bless you ! I ain't no grumbler,
I'm only a-'aving my fun ;
I'm grateful enough, Gawd knows, an' yet
I misses my weekly *P'lice Gazette*
An' my h'extry special *Sun*.

'Ere am I in a Block'ouse,
One of a thousand more ;
Same old dooties, rain or shine,
Watchin' the same old bit o' the line
For the same old Brother Boer.

'Ere I sweats in the daytime,
'Ere I freezes at night ;
Same old game, week in week out,
Same old Kopjes round about,
An' the same wire fence in sight.

H'Always the same old business,
With the same old false alarms ;
Some poor h'ignorant volunteer
Fires 'is gun in a Block'ouse near
An' we 'as to "stand to arms !"

Niggers out in the sangars
Blazing away all night ;
They knows well what they 'ave in store
If they're caught alive by the kindly Boer
An' they means for to make a fight.

Then there's the blooming "Brethren,"
An' a lively noise *they* make ;
'Id in a donga out o' sight,
Snipin' the sentries 'alf the night,
An' keeping us h'all awake.

Three A.M. an' the veldt's astir,
An' the cocks begins to crow,
An' I 'arks to the "'onk" o' the Kaffir crane
Till it's time for the morning water-train
Or some more o' the sentry-go.

H'I'm one o' the "Royal Fed-ups,"
More than earnin' my pay ;
This 'ere is a job for the C.I.V.
H'or the bullionaires o' the P.A.G.
As is getting five bob a day.

Sometimes a local paper
Drops as a train rolls by,
An' I reads of a "Capture of Yeomanry"
Or "More surrenders of D.M.T."¹
An' "Give me a 'orse !" sez I.

We're h'only regular soldiers
On a blooming bob a day,
But as good as them h'amatoor M.I.²
An' can learn to ride, as we've learnt to die,
As well—an' better'n they !

For what you h'asks at present
Is more than my shilling's worth,
An' it ain't my bloomin' idea at all
O' what Mister Kipling likes to call
The "Gawdliest life h'on earth !"

¹ District Mounted Troops.

² Mounted Infantry.

Give me a 'ard day's trekking !
Give me a bit of a scrap !
H'Open veldt an' a bivouac fire
Is 'eaven compared to this cage o' wire,
Where I feels like a rat in a trap.

Lor ! but the time goes tedjus,
'Owever so 'ard you try
To read the news as is six months old,
To drink biled water as won't get cold,
An' wave as the trains pass by.

Somebody 'as to do it !
'Tisn't for me to whine ;
But it does me good for to 'ave a "grouse"
As I sits in this bloomin' Bee'ive 'ouse
A-guarding the Western Line.

.

Some day, as I don't doubt it,
The end o' the show will come ;
Meanwhile we're doin' the best we can,
An' 'ere (thanks be !) comes the ration-man,
" Roll up for your tot of rum ! "

No. 4

“THE QUEEN’S CHOCOLATE”

No. 4.—“THE QUEEN’S CHOCOLATE”

You wants a pass, sir? Step this way!

This ’ere’s the orfice, h’on the right.

You’re come from Middelburg to-day,

And h’off to Cyphergat to-night?

H’Indeed, sir? Well, you’ll ’ave to wait;

The Commandant’s a trifle late.

Me done some soldiering? A bit!

An’ fighting? Of a sort I’ve ’ad.

At Modder River I was ’it,

But not to speak of; nothin’ bad.

The surgeon patched me h’up again,

An’ ’ere I am, as right as rain!

Wot’s that, sir? Married? No, not me!

I knows a thing or two, I ’ope;

An’ I’m quite willing for to be

Wot scholars calls a “womanthrope”;

H’I’ve poor opinions of the sex;

They ’asn’t got no intellex!

For I'm a soldier, and I say
As soldiers shouldn't 'ave no wives ;
They lives h'on a starvation pay,
A-risking of their blooming lives ;
Women 'as got their place somewhere,
But not upon the barrack-square.

I never 'ad no truck with gals ;
Soft, stuck-up things, they seems to me ;
An' though I'd h'often see my pals
A-settin' of 'em on their knee,
It ain't a thing H'I ever done,
Cos why ? I didn't see the fun.

Them gals was nice enough, no doubt,
I ain't a-contradictin' it ;
I see'd young fellers walking out
When I was polishin' my kit,
An' each 'is bit o' chintz 'ad got ;—
Well, they was welcome to the lot !

And, h'as I'm talking, H'I can say,—
Tho' p'raps it sounds a funny thing,—
No woman to this blooming day
'As give me e'er a brooch or ring ;
No trunkets, nor the like o' that,
Nor yet no ribbon from 'er 'at.

An' h'only one, as I recall,
In all these weary months o' war,
'As sent me h'anythink at all,—
(An' She won't never send no more ;)—
Ah ! wot was that, an' 'oo was she ?
I'll tell you if you'll 'ark to me.

The Queen was driving h'out one day,
And, 'appening to pass a shop,
She calls the driver of 'er shay,
“'Ere John,” sez she, “'ere coachman, stop !”
“You wait a while outside for me,
H'I wants to buy some sweets,” sez she.

The shopman, knowin' who she were,
'Urries respeckful to the door ;
“I've thought,” sez she, a-smiling there,
“As 'ow my soldiers at the war
Would like a suck o' chocolit,
So I come in to h'order it !”

“Just send a million boxes round,”
Sez she, an' quick she writes a cheque,—
“I'll pay at once, ten thousand pound,
You'll find the signature correck ;
That's it, Victo-ri-a Har. I.,
Take care, the h'ink is 'ardly dry !”

Then h'out she goes, an' drives away,
Without the slightest sort o' fuss ;
The boxes they comes round next day,
An' h'off she sends 'em out to h'us ;
An' that was 'ow I got a bit
O' Queen Victoria's chocolit.

The h'only present, fust an' last,
As any woman sent to me
In h'all them weary years as passed
Since first we sailed acrost the sea ;
I've never 'ad no gifts before,
An' so I prizes it the more.

An' 'ere's my box, as good as new ;
I 'aven't touched the chocolit,
Nor yet I ain't a-goin' to do,—
'Cos why ? Because I values it.
You'd like to buy it, eh ? Good Lor !
Wot sort o' cove d'you take me for ?

Suppose a gal, some New Year's Day,
Sent off a box o' sweets to *you* ;
Would *you* go off an' sell it, eh ?
Is that the sort o' thing *you'd* do ?
Wot would 'Er Gracious think of it,
If I should sell 'er chocolit ?

"She'd never know!" sez you? May-be!
(Gawd rest 'er soul!) Per'aps you're right.
But still I likes to think as she
Is watching 'ow 'er soldiers fight,
An' smiling somewheres in the sky
A-seeing 'ow 'er soldiers die!

But, h'if she knows or h'if she don't,
This blooming chocolit is mine;
D'you 'ear? An' part with it I won't,—
So there!—for all you talk so fine.
I wouldn't sell it now, you swab,
For fifty, let alone ten bob!

Two pounds, sez you? You'll make it three?
Well you're a gentleman, H'I'm sure!
Don't push your blooming coins on me!
You thinks to tempt me 'cos I'm poor?
I may be so; h'it ain't denied;
But still I 'as my proper pride.

No use a-h'arsking me to sell,
I'd feel a villain if I did;
(So you an' yours can go to 'ell!)
I wouldn't, not for twenty quid.
Take back your money, h'every bit!
I'm richer,—with my chocolit!

An' 'ere's the Commandant ! Stand by,
An' wait your turn outside 'is door ;
You've talked enough, you can't deny,
So don't you waste my time no more.
If I 'as any of your lip,
Swelp me ! I'll fetch you such a clip !

You thought yourself a h'artful bloke
To get my chocolit away !
H'Indeed ? So it was h'all a joke ?
A pretty poor one, I *must* say !
Well, since you're such a 'armless h'ass,
Footsack ! an' get your blooming pass !

No. 5

“THE PRESS”

No. 5.—“THE PRESS”

No sir, you never seen my name
Signed to a letter to the Press ;
Per'aps you thinks it cause for blame,—
H'I can't agree, sir, I confess ;
Let h'others to the papers write,
A soldier's dooty is to fight.

Lor bless you, sir, my pals an' me
We ain't no literary men,
An' we believes the sword to be
A deal more mightier nor the pen ;
Wotever you and such may think,
It's blood *we'd* sooner spill nor ink.

We never criticised, no fear !
When h'orf'cer blokes got badly beat.
'Twas left for H'Irishmen to cheer
A H'English General's defeat ;—
(An' all the blood was shed by Pat
Out 'ere won't 'ardly wash out that).

We knows the jobs they 'as to do,
The difficulties an' the rubs,
An' so we leaves the grumblin' to
The h'armchair critics o' the pubs,
Who shows 'ow h'easy *they'd* 'ave won
Each battle—when the fightin's done.

Let h'others to the papers tell
The things we soldiers does each day ;
'Ow foolishly we fights, h'or well,
Ain't for the likes o' h'us to say.
Gawd knows there's journalists enough,
As makes their living o' such stuff.

I've often seed 'em, h'all so grand,
Moochin' about be'ind a fight ;
With pen and notebook in their 'and,
Pokin' around for things to write,—
Like them h'aasvogels as 'ave smelt
Some more dead 'orses on the veldt.

I've seed 'em, when the fightin's done,
A-gettin' in the bearers' way,
So h'eager arsking h'everyone
“'Oo was the 'eroes of the day ? ”
(Pore chaps, it isn't them I blames ;
Their papers says they *must* 'ave names).

So names they gets (but 'ow Gawd knows !);
Maybe it pleases them as reads,
An' yet they seldom mentions those
As really does the gallant deeds.
But tho' these doesn't reach the Press,
Their comrades knows 'em none the less.

(H'If you intends to shed your gore,
And as a paper 'ero shine,
Take care as you gets 'listed for
Some reg'ment as is not the Line,—
The Line don't 'ave enough romance
To give them journalists a chance.

For if you ain't a Volunteer,
Or in some long-legged 'Ighland corps,
Nor yet a Dublin Fusilier,
You won't get wrote about no more
Than h'if 'twas jam, not blood, you'd spilt ;—
My ! 'ow the Public loves a kilt !)

There's correspondents as I've met
As I'd be h'always proud to know,—
Straight-'earted lads,—an' h'others yet
As thinks they runs the blooming show ;
They'd even give old K. advice,—
But Lord ! they wouldn't do it twice !

You're settin' by the fire per'aps,
As comfortable as can be,
You sees one of them scribbling chaps
An' h'arsks 'im to a dish o' tea ;
So h'in 'e comes an' 'as a cup,
An' straight 'e writes the Reg'ment up !

Or else maybe you've fought all day,
An' trekked the blooming night as well ;—
You finds the beggar in your way
An' tells 'im for to go to 'ell ;
Then, when 'e cables 'ome, no doubt
The Reg'ment's name some'ow's left out !

One bloke fell foul o' h'our C.O.
(I saw the h'incident occur),
An' left 'im saying "Don't you know
As H'I can make or mar you, sir ?"
Wot 'e replied I wouldn't 'int,—
'Twas 'appy, but not fit for print.

Another ('e was from Noo York),
An' in the h'orf'cers' mess 'e'd stay
An' tell 'em wot to do, an' talk,
Till some of 'em gets wild one day,—
"Ho, do shut up !" says they, an' swore,—
Then the pore feller turned Pro-Boer.

An' oh, them papers as they calls
 "Ser-ciety" ! The stuff they writes !
It ain't as if they'd stick to balls,
 To fashions, h'or to muffin-fights,
But they must 'ave a page or so
On "Deeds that won the M.V.h'O."

'Oo reads their rubbish 'Eaven knows !
 You'd think 'twas written for a lark.
Naming of h'everyone wot goes
 A-walking, Sundays, in the Park ;
A swell can't take 'is best gal out
Without the 'ole thing gets about.

"The folks h'at Church Parade was few,
 But Lady Schwartz looked sweet in drab,
An' Mister H'Algy Montague
 Was 'urrying westwards in a cab ;
The H'Irish Guards were there in force,
An' Mrs. Pothofstein of course."

"To-day we welcome from the front,
 'Eroes of bandolier an' belt,
The gallant lads wot bore the brunt
 Of two months' camping on the veldt,
An' H'England greets with ringing cheers
The Dum-dum Dodger Volunteers !"

"Next week we sends another lot
Of our no-to-ri-ous I.Y. ;
Wot matter that they 'asn't got
The least h'idea o' musketry,
Nor never rode a 'orse before ;—
True British pluck will always score !"

H'I seen some famous volunteers,
The first engagement they was in,
A-running like a 'erd o' deers,
An' yell ? You should 'ave 'eard the din !
An', when they saw the guns retreat,
They 'owled for 'ome an' Regent Street !

A h'orf'cer rode among their ranks,
To try an' soothe 'em down a bit ;
But did 'e h'earn their bloomin' thanks ?
"Look out," they shouts, "we'll all get 'it !"
"You on the 'orse, sir, please don't stay !"
"You'll draw the h'enemy's fire this way !"

Ho, paper praise is right, no doubt,
But we 'as 'eroes by the score
You never reads a word about,
Not tho' they seen an' done much more
Nor h'any swells as walks the Park ;—
An' one o' these was "Nobby" Clark.

Our orf'cer bloke was riding round
 'Is Blockhouse line, an' when 'e got
Near "Sixty-nine," on rising ground,
 Some sniper made a lucky shot
An' killed 'is blooming pony dead,
An' got 'im, after, in the 'ead.

Then "Nobby," who 'ad 'eard the row,
 Come rushing out o' "Sixty-nine,"
An' picks the orf'cer up some'ow,
 An' carries 'im along the line ;
Them snipers vainly fires away,—
They'd 'ad *their* share o' luck that day.

The orf'cer died,—(too young by 'alf
 To die, 'e was—nineteen or so,)—
The papers 'ad 'is photograph
 With "killed in h'action" writ below ;
But "Nobby" never got a word—
'Is little h'action's still un'eard !

It wasn't nothing grand per'aps ;
 There's volunteers and yeomen too,
An' h'even we pore reg'lar chaps,
 As 'as more dangers to go through,
An' lots o' jobs like that, no doubt,
As ain't worth writing 'ome about.

There's 'undreds as 'ave done as much,
An' 'undreds as would do the same,
But they don't h'advertise as such,
Like one young Gen'ral I could name,
Wot owes one 'alf of 'is success
To knowing 'ow to work the Press.

There's orf'cers of a certain staff
Was never in a fight, I know ;
(They may be Dooks, but they must laugh
At being give the D.S.O.),
A medal an' six clasps they got,
Wot never seed a single shot.

Yes sir, my Reg'ment's 'ad its share
O' writing up, an' no offence ;
A Garter star's the crest we wear,
With "Honest Sweat gi'e Molly pence" ;
We was the 'eroes, for one night,
O' that there Magersfontein fight.

.
Wot ! You a co-respondent, sir ?
I never dreamt it, strike me dead !
I 'ope, sir, as you won't h'infer
As 'ow I meant just all I said.

It ain't *your* sort I can't abear,—
You've earned *your* medal fair an' square.

Lor ! Fancy you a journalist !
An' 'ere 'ave I just jawed away !
Well, no offence ! Give us your fist !

The weather's warm, sir, h'as you say.
It's 'ot work talking,—thirsty too ;—
Thanks, sir, I don't mind if I do !

No. 6

THE OFFICERS

No. 6.—THE OFFICERS

Now I h'often reads the papers,
When they drops 'em out o' the trains ;
An' I notices still that same old joke,
A-sayin' as 'ow the h'orfcer bloke
'Asn't got no bloomin' brains.

When the "comics" draws 'is picture
They makes 'im a fair old guy,
With yuge big spurs onto both 'is feet,
A-smokin' a gold-tipped cigareet,
An' a h'eyeglass in 'is h'eye.

An' some on 'em says 'e's "stoopid,"
Which (I takes it) means a fool,
Cos it 'appens 'e ain't pertickler quick
At Lating nor yet at arithmetic
Nor the stuff as they learns at school.

While the h'others calls 'im "reckless,"
An' I know wot they means by that,—
'E's brave enough, h'in course, says they,
But 'e throws the lives of 'is men away ;—
Why, they're talking through their 'at !

There'd many a life be wasted,
An' many a vict'ry lost,
If the h'orfcer-bloke couldn't fix 'is mind
To take the risk an' to go it blind,—
But waited to count the cost.

An' wot is the Public paying
For the brains as they wants to see ?
You'd 'ardly look for a scholard's store
From coves as gets but a trifle more
Nor a trooper o' Yeomanry.

An' it ain't the bloomin' scholard
As knows what 'is soldiers feel,
But the lad as 'as got 'is grip o' their 'earts,
From the distant range where the firing starts
To the jar o' the bay'net steel.

'E mayn't be a 'and at grammar,
Nor much of a chap to spell,
But 'e'll draw 'is men like a bloomin' tide,
An' 'e'll carry 'em up the kopje side,
An' they'll follow 'is lead to 'ell.

'E mayn't be a cautious feller,
As is h'always lookin' afore,—
But 'e'll work, an' trouble, an' think, an' care,
As much for 'is men as 'isself, h'I'll swear,
Yes sir,—an' a dam sight more !

At 'ome 'e may 'ave 'is vices,—
(Gawd knows wot 'e 'as to resist,)—
Out 'ere 'e's straight as a bloomin' die,
With a steady 'and, an' a clean liv'd h'eye,
An' a 'eart as big as your fist.

'As one of 'is lads the fever,
H'Or a nasty 'acking cough ?
'E'll give 'im a pint o' champaggeny wine,
H'or a liver-encouraging "Number Nine,"
As'll pretty well finish 'im orf !

Does one of 'is men go h'under ?

I lay as 'is 'eart must bleed.

I knows very well as it 'urts 'im sore

When the narrow veldt-grave claims one more

O' the lads as 'e loved to lead.

An' 'e gazes sad at the body,

With its blanket wrapt about,

When the beautiful words from the Book is read,

An' the volleys calls to the 'eedless dead,

An' the long "Last Post" rings out.

There's many a drink I've taken

Of a h'orfcfer's waterbag,

An' many a tot, when the winter come,

As I've 'ad o' the h'orfcfers' ration rum,

And a-many a screw o' shag.

An' it's things like this as I thinks on

When the papers calls 'im "fool" ;

An' I minds the fights 'e 'as lost an' won,

An' the things as our h'orfcfer-blokes 'as done,

As they couldn't 'a' learnt at school.

There's fools in h'ev'ry profession,
Nor it isn't 'ardly strange ;—
An' black sheep too,—but a good few less
To be found in a reg'lar h'orfcers' mess
Than you'll meet on the Stock Exchange.

Stoopid? By Gawd, they may be !
An' long let 'em so remain,
If they gives us lads o' the bull-dog breed,
Lads as is born, not learned, to lead,
No matter 'ow small their brain !

For it ain't no matter o' schooling,
Nor nothink o' that, say I ;
An' nobody yet, if 'is 'eart ain't right,
'As learnt o' the courage as wins a fight,
Nor the way as a man should die.

Ho ! But the "Men is Splendid" !
An' h'able to lick the earth,—
So long as the h'orfcer-blokes 'as grit,
An' the pluck as goes 'and-in-'and with it,
An' is gentlemen,—gents by birth.

For I never 'eld with "Rankers,"—
 (Tho' some on 'em orfcers well) ;—
They've seen the game, an' they knows too much
O' the private soldier's ways and such,
 An' they makes of 'is life a 'ell.

For a h'orfcer ain't no Non-Com.,
 An' 'e'll say wot 'e 'as to say,
But 'e won't go nagging all day at chaps,
An' 'e'll know when the moment comes (per'aps)
 To be lookin' the other way.

An' h'us o' the ranks, we knows it,
 An' we sizes 'em, 'eart an' limb,
An' so long as a h'orfcer-bloke acts square,
A tryin' 'is best to be just an' fair,
 We does wot we can for 'im.

For we sees wot they done in h'action,
 When there wasn't no time for rules,
An' we says (an' we means it 'earty too),
'Ere's luck to each mother's son of you,
 For all that they calls you "fools" !

'Ere's luck to the job you're doing,
An' 'ere's to the things you've done ;
An' 'ere's to the things as you 'opes to do,
If you gets back 'ome, an' your sweet'eart's true;
An'—Gawd bless you, h'every one !



No. 7

THE NATIVE

No. 7.—THE NATIVE

THE niggers is a 'andsome race,
H'Altho' the beauty o' their face
Is the h'elusive kind,—
This word is give to it by Bill,
Who means as 'ow it's there, but still
It's werry 'ard to find.
Their features grows on one, sez 'e ;
Thank Gawd they doesn't grow on me !

The women-folk is 'ardly so
Alloorin' as the men, altho'
They leads domestic lives ;
An' then the figures as they got !
Well, you could trust me with the lot,
If they was h'all your wives.
No thanks ! They're not the sort for me ;
I ain't no fam'ly man, thanks be !

The Dutch they knocks their "boys" about ;
They needs it too, I've not a doubt,—

 Their 'earts is 'ard to touch.

We British comes with open purse ;—

An' 'Eaven knows which way's the worse,—

 An' pays 'em much too much.

Oom Paul 'e makes their lives a 'ell ;

John Bull 'e treats 'em far too well.

The Dutch they gives 'em plenty work,

An' keeps 'em orf the wish to shirk

 By 'itting of their back.

The H'English, on the other 'and,

'Ave never learnt to h'understand

 The way to use a black.

They gives 'im "schoff"¹ an' treats 'im kind,

Instead o' striking 'im be'ind.

A sjamboking to such as 'e

Is like a Sunday at the sea

 To coves like me or you ;

It braces 'im and does 'im good,

Gives 'im a h'int'rest in 'is food,

 An' finds 'im jobs to do

You'll get more willing work that way

Than wot you'll h'ever get by pay.

¹ Food.

We 'ires them niggers by the score,
To 'elp us fight our Brother Boer,—

It 'ardly seems the game ;
But likely them as does it knows
Wot they're a-doing, I suppose,—

It ain't for *me* to blame.
Basutos, Kaffirs, Fingoes, h'all !
We takes 'em grateful, big or small.

An' in the Block'ouses they stays,
An' sleeps away the blessed days ;
An' then at nights they'll creep
To little sangars in-between,
Where, if they thinks they can't be seen,
They 'as another sleep.
A gay, light 'earted lot is they,
An' this is 'ow they h'earns their pay.

Whenever they may 'ap to wake,
The h'opportunity they'll take
O' firing once or twice ;
But when the Brother comes along,
They sings a very diff'rent song,
An' lies as still as mice.
No doubt they feels too young to die,
An' so they lets the beggar by.

I've seed 'em, time an' time again.
From "Number 18" H'Armoured Train,
 On which I used to be,
A-lying like a lot o' moles,
A-sleeping in their sangar 'oles,—
 A pretty sight to see !
We'd wake 'em with the searchlight glare,
An' straight, they'd fire into the h'air.

Three pound a month they gets ; three pound !
Two blankets an' their rations found,—
 Mealies an' meat an' such.
And if you thinks they stays awake
You makes a very big mistake ;
 You bet they don't,—not much !
But still they draws two bob a day ;—
Just twice the bloomin' soldier's pay !

They 'as their guns, an' rounds o' ball,
To use in self-defence, that's all,—
 (I speaks scarcastic now) ;—
Wot ! H'Arm the natives ? No, sir, no !
They h'only keeps their rifles so
 As they can make a row.
H'Arm 'em ? They shoots too bad ;—beside,
It's been h'officially denied.

'Ow could we h'arm a nigger race ?
We gives 'em guns o' course, h'in case, . . .
 Because, that is, h'in fact, . . .
We doesn't *h'arm* the blacks, no fear !
Per'aps we,—well o' course, look 'ere,
 H'Indeed, to be exact, . . .
An' anyway they shoots too wide,—
Besides, you see, it's been denied.

The natives h'armed ? Well, 'ardly so !
There's 'alf of 'em as doesn't know
 The muzzles from the butts !
Them 'eathen black Basuto boys,
Whose talk is suthin' like the noise
 O' monkeys cracking nuts,
They ain't no 'ands at shooting now,—
(But, bless you, we'll soon learn 'em 'ow).

The lingos as these niggers speaks
Is sometimes clicking h'of their cheeks,
 An' sometimes it's bad Dutch.
The lingo as they'll h'understand,
Is suthin' speakin' in your 'and,—
 A 'eavy stick, or such.
A stone's the best remark to pass
When they h'exclaims "Tkona, baas !"

You mustn't 'it a black, no fear !
Not when a h'orf'cer's standing near,
 H'Or else you'll lose your name ;
But if you finds a time to suit,
Just cop 'im with a ration boot,
 An' the result's the same ;
For 'is attention's quickly caught
By little trifles o' this sort.

The nigger mustn't work by day ;
It would be "h'infra dug," they say,
 For such a 'owlin' swell.
But Thomas H'Atkins, as you know,
'E does 'is work, an' sentry-go,
 By day an' night as well.
(H'In course 'e 'as no right to speak,
As only gets six bob a week !)

It won't be very long afore
We shan't want niggers any more ;
 An' wot's to 'appen then ?
It's back they goes to honest toil,
To dig the farmer's bit o' soil,
 Like other coloured men.
An' 'ow will they be satisfied
With wot the farmer can't provide ?

For months they've led a h'easy life,
H'Able to buy a nice noo wife

Each time they got their pay ;
'Ow will they like it to return,
An' reap the "bewoner's" ¹ lucerne,

For nothink much a day ?
You'll see, unless I'm very wrong,
As there'll be trouble afore long.

An' when it comes, remember 'oo
It was as gave 'em nowt to do,
An' paid 'em all like Kings ;

Remember 'oo it was as bred
Them feelin's as 'as oft-times led
To lots o' nasty things ;
Rebellion,—h'it may sound absurd,
It's wot we'll 'ave, you mark my word !

Before ten years (per'aps) is out,
There'll be a rising, I've no doubt,
Among them savage tribes.
They've a pecooliar sort o' mind,
As thinks it's weakness makes us kind,

An' takes our pay for bribes.
An' it's this h'overpayment game
As we shall 'ave good cause to blame

¹ Tenant.

They ain't afraid o' h'us as foes,
They seen our Volunteers, an' knows
 'Ow our Militia shoot.
They thinks if once they steals some arms
As they can h'easy raid the farms
 An' get their fill o' loot.
Ah ! we'll regret, afore we've done,
We learnt 'em 'ow to 'old a gun !

I ain't no grumbler, 'Eaven knows,
Nor yet I doesn't 'old with those
 As sees the darkest side ;
But when I finds I'm h'earning less
Than 'eathen niggers, H'I confess
 As 'ow it 'urts my pride.
I'm 'anged if H'Ill be "number two"
To Golly Bolly Black Man Boo !

I lay as I can gauge the worth
O' h'any niggerman h'on earth ;
 I knows 'e don't possess
The manners of a h'indoor dog,
Nor yet the morals of a 'og,
 Nor no ideas o' dress.
An' when I sees 'im pouch 'is tin,
I wonders where do I come in !

No. 8

THE ARMY CHAPLAIN



No. 8—THE ARMY CHAPLAIN

PADRES o' h'ev'ry sort an' worth

I've see'd an' known this last two year ;
There's them as is the best on earth,
An' them as 'as no business 'ere ;
Two kinds I never h'arsks to see,—
The third is h'all you'd 'ave 'im be.

First there's the one we h'all must know,
Wot wears a smug but 'umble look,
An' talks in fruity tones, as though
'E was a-reading from The Book ;
With folded 'ands an' h'upturned h'eye,
'E never smiles as 'e goes by.

'E thinks this World a wicked place,
An' h'ev'rybody full o' sin,
An' so 'e wears a 'angman's face
Above 'is fat h'improper chin ;
'E 'as so many souls to save,
'E 'ardly 'asn't time to shave.

'E never sees a 'armless joke,
An' if 'e does 'e thinks it wrong ;
'E's such a very 'oly bloke
'E can't abear a comic song ;
An' 'e can't pass the time o' day
But 'e must drag Gawd in someway.

We're "miserable worms," says 'e,
An' earth's a blooming "vale o' tears."
(I ain't no worm, an' seems to me
This h'earth's no worse nor it appears ;
It may be bad, h'or it may not,—
But it's the h'only one we've got.)

To h'ev'ry soldier 'e presents
A tract, wot h'arsks why will 'e drink,
(Just like to them advertisements
O' pills for peoples wot is pink ;
Same as a story they'll begin,
Then, at the h'end, they takes you in).

An', when 'e 'olds a service, 'e
Forgets h'us standing in the sun ;
It's 'alf-an-hour or more maybe
Afore 'is blooming sermon's done,—
H'insisting, wot we knows quite well,
That if we're bad we goes to 'Ell.

The second kind o' padre chaps,—
An' lots o' these we 'as about,—
Is worse than number one, perhaps,
They does more 'arm, I've not a doubt ;
They thinks it fine, an' manly too,
To do wot parsons shouldn't do.

The men admires 'em more, they thinks,
For h'any vices they 'ave got ;
Because they swears a bit, or drinks,
H'or else the tales they tells is 'ot ;
They fancies h'it'll gain 'em pals
To play the devil with the gals.

I've see'd 'em, in a h'orf'cers' mess,
When they was rather full o' wine,
A-talking 'ogwash, nothin' less,
An' saying things as *they* thought fine,
In wot *they* thought a manly way,—
Things h'even orf'cers wouldn't say.

They 'asn't got the sense to see
As private soldiers 'as enough
O' coarseness and o' blasphemy,
Bad language, an' that sort o' stuff,
Without them blokes competing in
A game they 'as no chance to win.

The padre bloke wot talks a lot
O' womenfolk as isn't nice,
You bet as 'ow 'e 'asn't got
The pluck to h'own a single vice ;—
H'or, if 'e 'as, without a doubt,
It's one 'e doesn't talk about.

No one believes 'im for to be
A wicked man, an' no one cares,
It h'only makes 'em sick when 'e
Degrades the uniform 'e wears ;
An', if 'e calls 'is morals slack,
The orf'cers laughs be'ind 'is back.

But, last of all, we gets the man
Wot is a Man, an' padre too,
Wot does the most o' good 'e can,
An' does it as a man should do ;
A parson, proud to be the same,—
A man, an' worthy o' the name.

When we is on the trek 'e'll walk,
H'Or, if 'e 'as a pony, ride
Aside of us, an' chat, an' talk
Of 'ome, an' lots o' things beside,
As cheers us h'up, an' makes us see
'Is 'eart is where it ought to be.

An' 'e can speak religious too ;
An' preach ! Well I should think 'e could !
'Is sermons kind o' braces you,
An' makes you glad, an' does you good.
But there ! The sort o' life 'e leads
Is worth a 'undred thousand creeds.

We 'ad a padre bloke with us,
As good a cove as you could meet ;
'Oly, but didn't make no fuss,
An' h'altogether 'ard to beat ;
'Is kindness didn't 'ave no end,
An' 'e was h'ev'rybody's friend.

Sometimes, when things was going wrong,
An' wagons stuck in h'ev'ry drift,
The Padre 'e would come along,
An' give a 'and, an' 'elp us lift ;
H'Always a-doing of 'is best,
An' working 'earty with the rest.

Per'aps some chap would fetch a swear,
Or let 'is feelings run away,
An' find the Padre standing there,—
“Beg pardon, Canon,” 'e would say.
“H'All right, my lad,” the bloke replied,—
'E knew 'ow 'ardly we was tried.

H'If I was dying H'I've no doubt
I'd send for 'im afore I died,
I'd like to 'ave 'im count me out,
An' 'elp me reach the other side ;
'E's showed us wot to be, an' so
I lay 'e'd teach us 'ow to go.

I ain't religious,—wish I were,—
Nor 'aven't said no pray'rs for years,
But there's a Gawd, I knows, somewhere,
An' one of 'oom I 'as no fears ;
'E knows the stuff o' which I'm made,
'E's just, an' so I ain't afraid.

An' when 'E 'appens to look down,—
('E h'often does, I've 'eard it said,)—
'E'll send an' fetch a golden crown,
An' fit it for the Padre's 'ead,
Wot learnt us 'ow to live h'or die,—
Gawd bless you, Canon sir, say I !

No. 9

PEACE

No. 9.—PEACE

AN' so it's to be Peace ! At last !
The time for fightin's done and past ;
The h'enemy's surrend'r'ing fast,—
 (But wot a time they've bin !)
An', h'ever since we copped Malan,
The rebels chucked it to a man ;
As quickly as they blooming can
 They're coming in !

No more acrost the veldt they'll roam,
Without a bit o' soap nor comb ;
(Few o' the comforts of a 'ome
For many a month they've 'ad).
They've done their bloomin' final treks,
An' thankful of it H'I expecks,
An' got a chance to wash their necks,—
Wot wants it bad.

These is the blokes as kep' us 'ere
Close on a matter o' three year,—
Blokes as we never could get near,
An' seldom could get round.

This is the rummy-looking crew,
As mounted h'any sort o' screw,
An' some'ow got away from you,
An' went to ground !

The talent as they 'as, these Dutch,
O' making 'emselves scarce is such
As doesn't give a feller much
H'Enjoyment in pursuit ;
For open fightin' ain't their plan,
They'll never meet you man to man,—
But, taking cover where they can,
They'll sit and shoot.

If they'd the 'eadpiece of a pin
They should 'a knowed we 'ad to win ;
No doubt they would 'ave h'all come in
A many a month ago,
But they was 'oodwinked by the flam
An' lies as that old Kroojer sham
Kep' cabling out from H'Amsterdam,
A sayin' "No !"

Ho well, it's been a stiffish fight,
But now the Country's ours alright ;
An' wot we 'as we 'olds to tight,—

As h'even Boers can tell.

They've learnt by all as they've been through
As wot old H'England means to do
She does,—an' does it thorough too,
An' does it well.

An' one thing more they'll get to know,
As Britons is a gen'rous foe,
A thing as we've begun to show,
In this 'ere town, I mean ;
A-feeding up these rebel swine,
Filling their commandants with wine,
An' givin' 'em a time as fine
As ever seen.

They've took away *our* ration bread,
An' give us dog-biscuit instead,
So as these beggars may be fed
Like royal dooks or such ;
These “ methods of yumanitee ”
May suit the rebels o' Fowchee,—
Some'ow they don't seem right to me,
No sir, not much !

H'As for the blooming Free State crowd,
An' Transvaalers,—we does 'em proud !
Two 'orses h'each they is allowed,—
For which we charges nowt.

But blooming *loyal* farmers, they
Don't get no 'orses give away ;
An' if they wants 'em they must pay,
H'Or go without !

An' now they bids us h'all combine
To straighten up the Block'ouse line,
To leave the land without a sign
O' wot we soldiers done.

I ain't no faith in Brother Boer ;
I'd keep 'em there, an' build some more,
Maybe we'll want 'em all afore
Ten years is run.

An' there's *some* signs we sees about,—
Them mounds with 'eadstones (h'or without),—
As nobody can't well wipe out,—

Ah ! would we 'ad the chance !
For, all across the veldt they've growed,
An' many a 'umble grave 'as showed,
Like milestones h'on a bloodstained road,
The War's advance.

There's poor old Bill H'I'm leavin' 'ere,—
We shared our baccy an' our beer,
An' h'all we 'ad, this last two year,
 An' h'oftentimes before.—

An' no one but 'as lost a friend ;—
But now the War is h'at an end,
An' I can only say "Gawd send
 We 'as no more !"

An' when I thinks o' wot it's cost,
An' all the gallant lads we've lost,
Since first our close-packed "troopers" crost
 Wot poets calls "the foam,"
I wonders if we can afford
So much for such a poor reward,
An' I can only say "Thank Gawd
 We're goin' 'ome !"

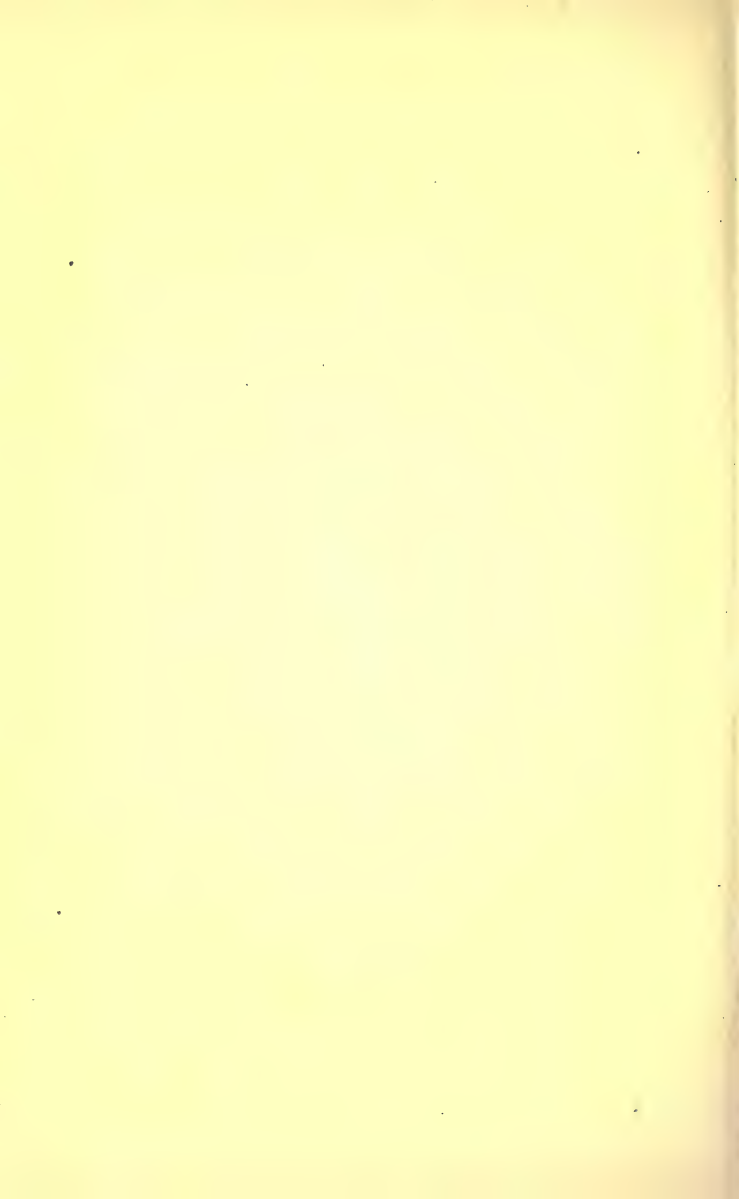
THE REGIMENT

I took the shillin' at seventeen
As h'awkward a chap as ever you seen,
Nor nothink over partic'lar clean,
 An' a trifle gone in the knee ;
Ho I wasn't much of a lookin' lad,
An' a back like camel's 'ump I 'ad,
With 'air as wanted the scissors bad,
 An' a chest like a C.I.V.

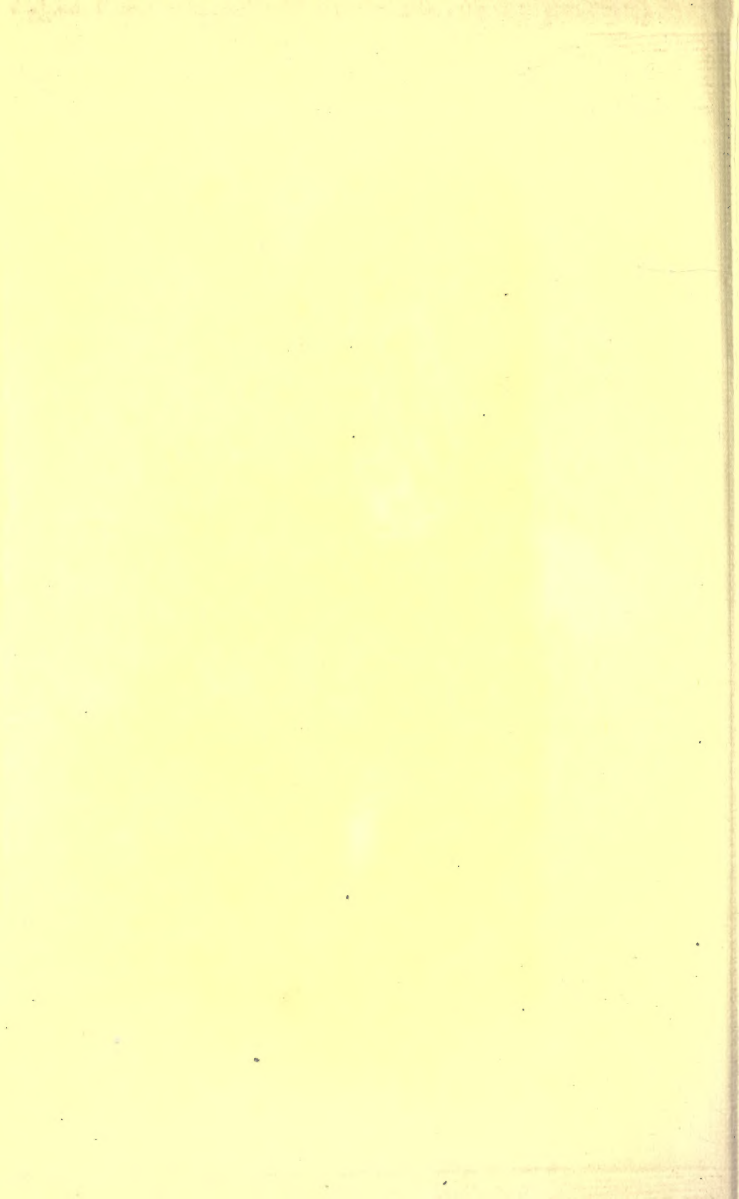
Well I done it then, an' I never yet
Regretted it, no, nor I shan't regret,
For I'd 'eard o' the Reg'ment's fame, you bet,
 An' I knew wot I 'listed for.
I've served with 'em now in sorrow h'or mirth,
For a dozen year, an' I knows their worth,
An' I lay as there ain't on the 'ole o' the Earth
 As likely an' smart a corps.

For there isn't no troops as with them compares,
Nor you won't find their equal h'anywheres ;
But they doesn't give theirselves bloomin' airs,
Nor grumbles at h'everything.
In peace or war they is just the same ;—
Men as'll h'always play the game,
Men as brings honour to the name
Of a Soldier of The King.

Then 'ere's a 'ealth to the old C.G.,
As gallant a lot as ever you see ;
Wotever a man should do or be,
They always been, an' done.
In peace you've cheered at the show they made,
In war you've 'eard o' the part they played,—
The first o' the very First Brigade,—
The good old Second to None !







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Graham, Harry
Ballads of the Boer War

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